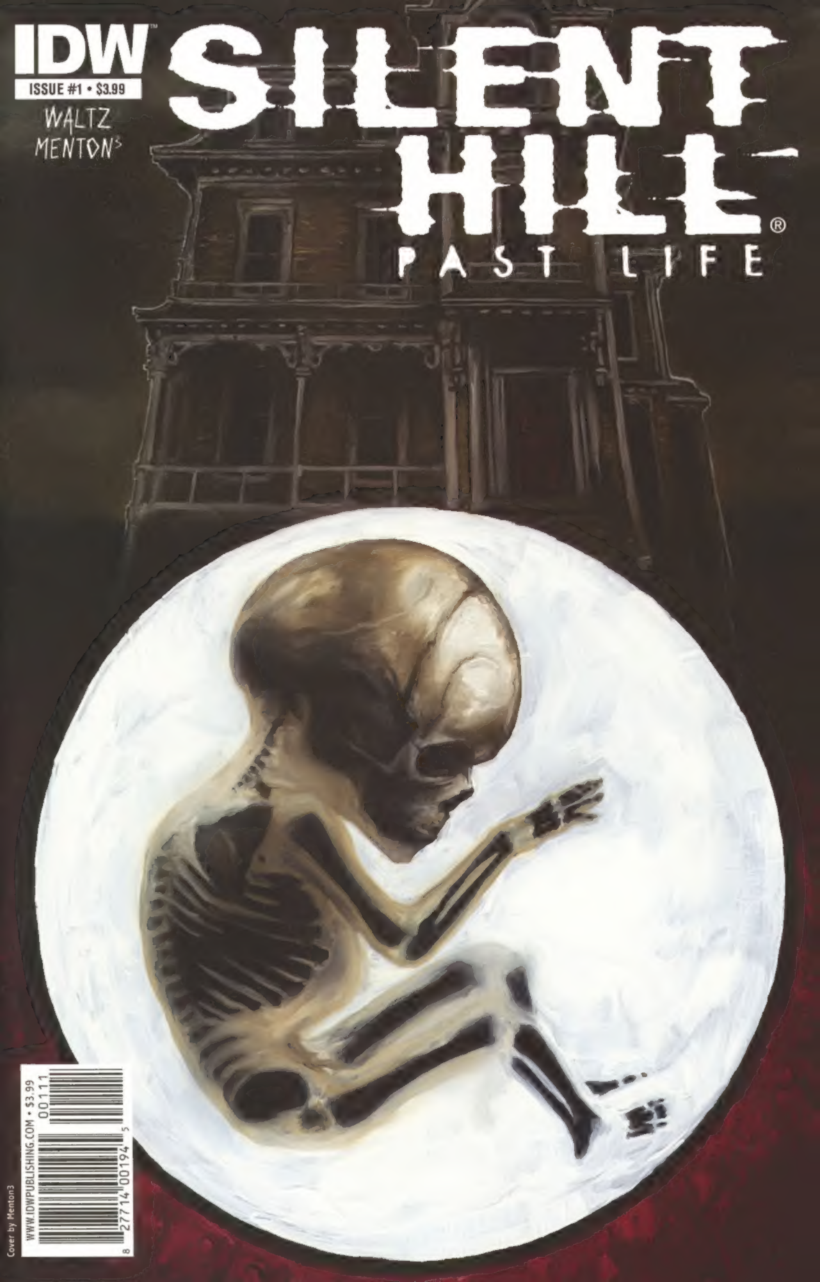
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The year is 1867. Jebediah Foster and his wife Esther have left the Dakota Territory and headed east for a new life in Silent Hill. It is an opportunity for a fresh start they both crave. A chance to leave behind a dark past...

COVER CHECKLIST:

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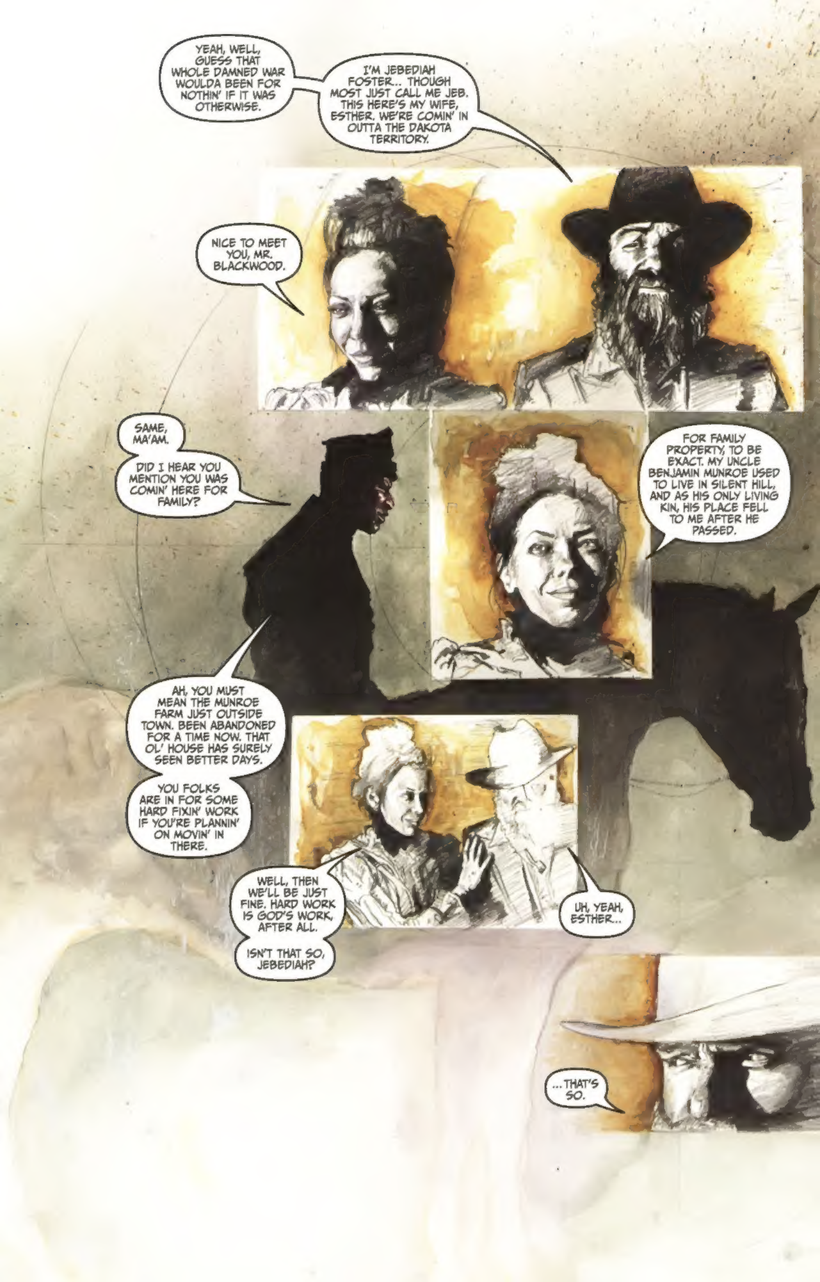
HELL.
"RIDER..."
HELL.
"...RIDER..."
HELL.
"...RIDER..."

WAKE UP, JEB...
WH... WHAT?

...I SAID, THERE'S A RIDER APPROACHING.

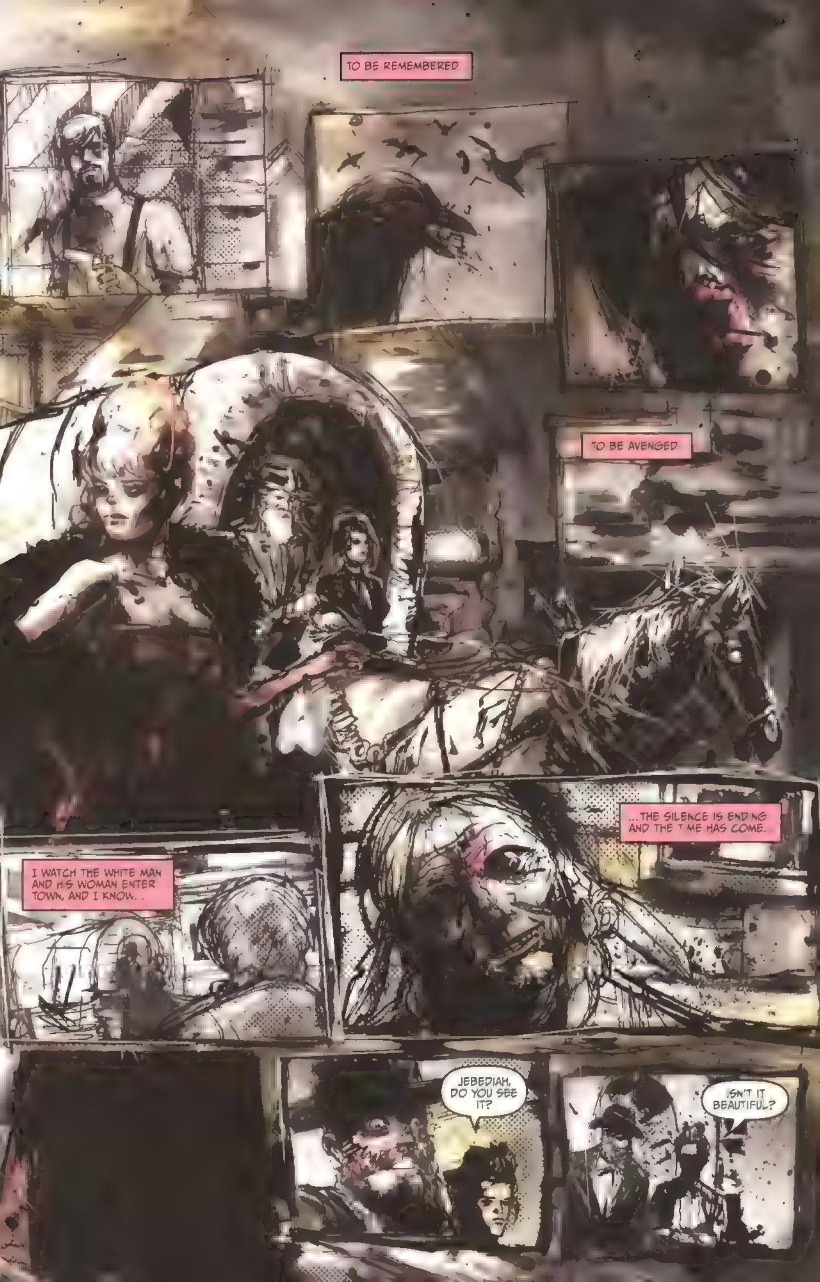
WHAT SHOULD WE DO?
NOT MUCH TO DO, ESTHER...
...OTHER'N JUST BE QUIET AND STAY CALM.
EVENIN', FOLKS.
GOOD EVENING.
HOWDY.
SAW YOUR WAGON A LITTLE WAYS BACK AND THOUGHT I'D STOP BY TO SAY HELLO.
YOU FOLKS HEADIN' FOR SHEPHERD'S GLEN? IF SO, I'D SURE ENJOY SOME COMPANY. HEADIN' THAT WAY MYSELF.
NO, WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO SILENT HILL. MY FAMILY HAS AN OLD HOUSE THERE AND—
ESTHER... SHUSH.
OH... RIGHT. SORRY.

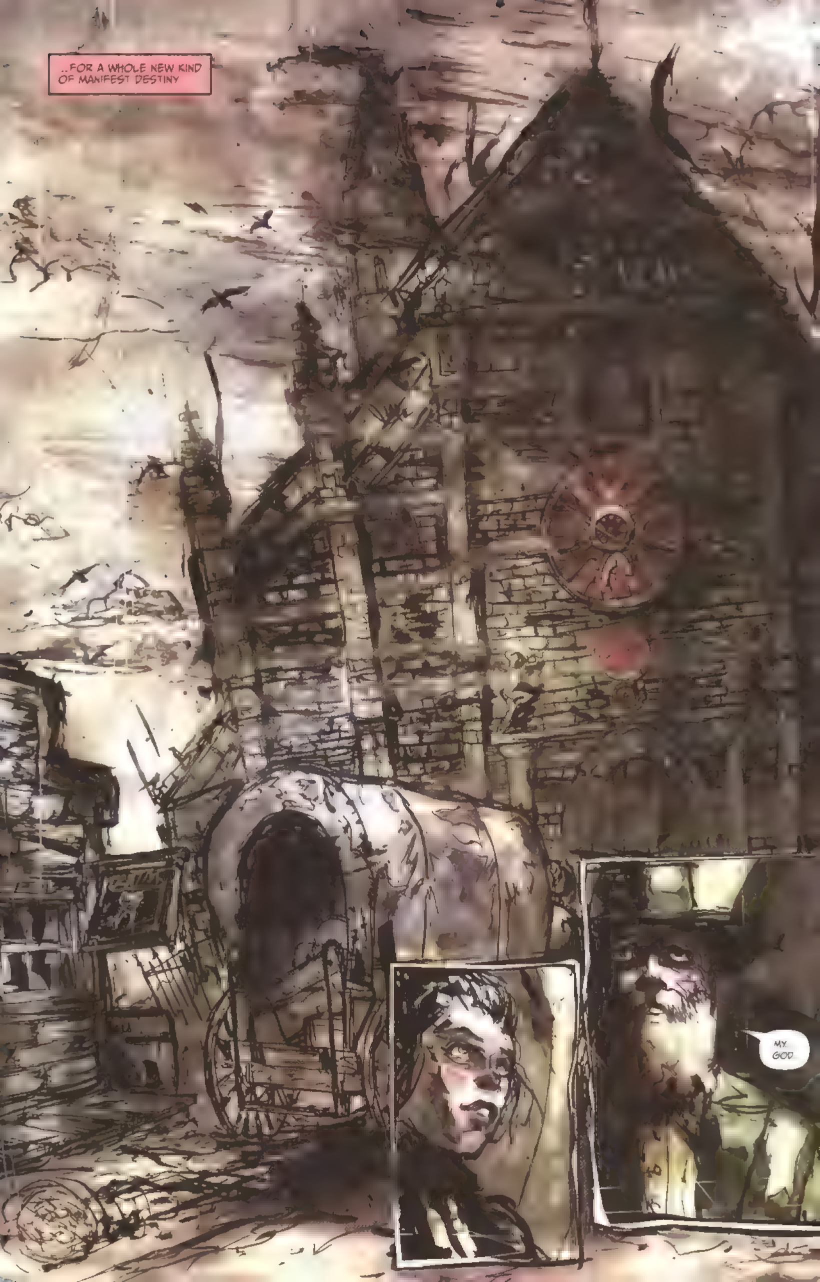
LOOK, MISTER, NO DISRESPECT OR NOTHIN', BUT ME AND MY WIFE ARE NEW HERE, AND WHERE WE'RE FROM, SOME STRANGER SHOWIN' UP ALL OF A SUDDEN AND ASKIN' FRIENDLY QUESTIONS USUALLY AIN'T SO FRIENDLY, IF YOU CATCH MY MEANIN'.
NO, NO, FRIEND... NO DISRESPECT TAKEN. GUESS I SHOULDA INTRODUCED MYSELF BEFORE I STARTED HITCHIN' MY HORSE TO YOUR WAGON. MY APOLOGIES.
NAME'S BLACKWOOD. HOWARD BLACKWOOD. I'M THE POSTMASTER OVER IN SILENT HILL.
POSTMASTER? BUT...
...YOU'RE A NEGRO.
HA! I AM THAT, AIN'T NO LIE. JUST LIKE IT AIN'T NO LIE I'M POSTMASTER IN THESE PARTS, HARD AS IT MAY BE TO BELIEVE.
FUNNY THING ABOUT SILENT HILL...
...IT DON'T WORRY MUCH 'BOUT WHAT'S ON THE *OUTSIDE* OF FOLKS.


YEAH, WELL, GUESS THAT WHOLE DAMNED WAR WOULDA BEEN FOR NOTHIN' IF IT WAS OTHERWISE.
I'M JEBEDIAH FOSTER... THOUGH MOST JUST CALL ME JEB. THIS HERE'S MY WIFE, ESTHER. WE'RE COMIN' IN OUTTA THE DAKOTA TERRITORY.
NICE TO MEET YOU, MR. BLACKWOOD.
SAME, MA'AM.
DID I HEAR YOU MENTION YOU WAS COMIN' HERE FOR FAMILY?
FOR FAMILY PROPERTY, TO BE EXACT. MY UNCLE BENJAMIN MUNROE USED TO LIVE IN SILENT HILL, AND AS HIS ONLY LIVING KIN, HIS PLACE FELL TO ME AFTER HE PASSED.
AH, YOU MUST MEAN THE MUNROE FARM JUST OUTSIDE TOWN. BEEN ABANDONED FOR A TIME NOW. THAT OL' HOUSE HAS SURELY SEEN BETTER DAYS.
YOU FOLKS ARE IN FOR SOME HARD FIXIN' WORK IF YOU'RE PLANNIN' ON MOVIN' IN THERE.
WELL, THEN WE'LL BE JUST FINE. HARD WORK IS GOD'S WORK, AFTER ALL.
ISN'T THAT SO, JEBEDIAH?
UH, YEAH, ESTHER...
...THAT'S SO.

WELL, I SHOULD BE ON MY WAY, THEN. I GOT DELIVERIES IN SHEPARD'S GLEN, AND YOU FOLKS'LL BE WANTIN' TO GET TO WHERE YOU'RE GOIN'.
YOU'LL FIND IT GETS DARK EARLY 'ROUND HERE.
WELCOME TO SILENT HILL... AND BEST O' LUCK TO YOU BOTH.
EVENIN', FOLKS.
WHAT A PLEASANT MAN.
I SUPPOSE. BUT A NEGRO POSTMASTER— WHO'D EVER THOUGHT SUCH A THING?
GOD REALLY HAS LED US TO A WHOLE NEW WORLD, HASN'T HE, JEBEDIAH?
YEAH, ESTHER...
...I RECKON HE HAS.
Silent hill

SILENT HILL
EST.
THE PLACE OF THE SILENCED SPIRITS.
IT WAS WHAT THIS PLACE WAS ONCE CALLED. NOT BY MY PEOPLE—BUT PEOPLE LIKE ME.
PEOPLE WHO'VE SEEN ALL THEY ARE, ALL THEY'VE LOVED... ALL THEY'VE EVER KNOWN... TAKEN AWAY BY OTHERS.
THE OTHERS CLAIM A MANIFEST DESTINY AND INFEST A SACRED LAND LIKE FLEAS TO A DOG, CALLING IT THEIR WORLD. A NEW WORLD.
BUT, REALLY, IT'S NOT NEW... ONLY DIFFERENT. AN *OTHER WORLD*.
AND EVERYWHERE, EVEN IN THIS PLACE, THOSE SPIRITS, SILENT FOR SO LONG, CRY OUT TO BE HEARD.


TO BE REMEMBERED
TO BE AVENGED
I WATCH THE WHITE MAN AND HIS WOMAN ENTER TOWN, AND I KNOW. .
...THE SILENCE IS ENDING AND THE TIME HAS COME.
JEBEDIAH, DO YOU SEE IT?
ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL?


..FOR A WHOLE NEW KIND OF MANIFEST DESTINY
MY GOD.

CAN YOU FEEL IT, JEBEDIAH
...THE PAST JUST SLIPPING AWAY?
A WHOLE OTHER WORLD, MY LOVE. TRULY.
JEB?
C'MON, ESTHER.
LET'S GO HOME

WELL, THAT NEGRO MAILMAN SURE WASN'T LYIN'...
THIS PLACE IS A DURN MESS.
HE'S THE POSTMASTER, JEBEDIAH. CALLING HIM NEGRO BELITTLES HIM.
SORRY 'BOUT THAT.
BESIDES, ISN'T THAT WHY WE'VE COME HERE TO SILENT HILL. TO TIDY OUR LIVES? TO LEAVE BEHIND ALL THAT DAKOTA FILTH AND--
GOODNESS!

CHRIST ALMIGHTY, LOOK AT THAT THING. DON'T THINK WE'LL BE DOIN' MUCH SITTIN' IN THAT
JEBEDIAH FOSTER, YOU WILL NOT TAKE THE GOOD LORD'S NAME IN VAIN IN THIS HOUSE!
OH... SORRY.
LOOK, I'M GONNA TAKE THIS OUTSIDE AND PUT THE HORSES UP IN THE BARN. MAYBE YOU CAN CHECK IF THERE'S A BED IN THIS PLACE—
—HOPEFULLY ONE IN BETTER SHAPE THAN THIS BLASTED CHAIR

DAMNED THING IS HEAVY
UNNF!
HEH LOOKS LIKE WE GOT SOME FIREWOOD OUTTA YOU, AT LEAST
GONNA BURN YOU NICE AND HOT.

C'MON, OL' BOY, LET'S GET YOU INSIDE. YOU'RE PROBABLY MORE TIRED THAN I AM.
GODDAMNED DARK IN HERE WHERE'S THEM MATCHES?
WELL, IF THAT DON'T BEAT ALL..
...THIS PLACE MAKES THAT OLD HOUSE LOOK SHINY AND NEW
LEAST THIS THING'S STILL GOT O
AH, WELL, MESSY OR NOT, AIN'T RIGHT LOOKIN' A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH, HEY, OL' BOY?

SORRY THIS AIN'T NO NICER, BUT 'LEAST YOU'RE INSIDE NOW. LET ME GO GET YOUR PARTNER AND—
HUH?
WHO THE HELL...?
WHISKEY!

"YOU'RE SURE, NOW, FOSTER..."
THEY'RE ALL DEAD?
DEAD OR GONE, MR. GRIMES, I GUARANTEE IT
THEM WE DIDN'T SHOOT OR STAB, WE PUT TO THE TORCH. REST RUN OFF
WELL, THAT'S GOOD, FOSTER. REAL GOOD. MONEY WELL SPENT, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF
YESSIR, MR. GRIMES...
...I'LL DRINK TO THAT
AAAHHH!
ESTHER?

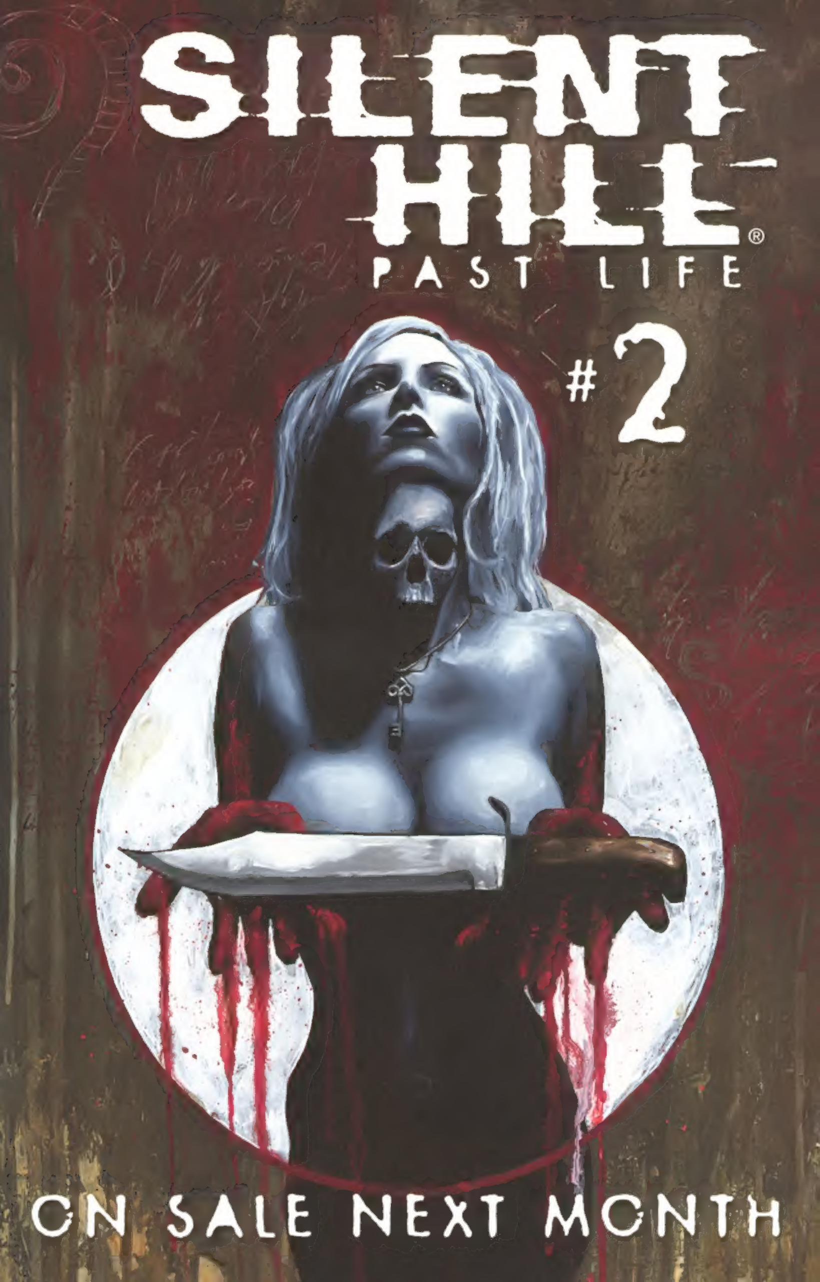
JEB!
ESTHER! WHERE ARE YOU?!
UP HERE! HURRY.
I'M COMIN'!
WHAT IS IT, WOMAN?!
H-THERE
WHA ?
GOOD CHRIST

HEH. HEH YOU'VE COME, THEN. JUST LIKE SHE SAID.
JUST LIKE SHE WANTED

YOU... I SAW YOU...
IN TOWN? YES, THOUGH I WASN'T SURE THEN. BUT NOW I KNOW.
YOU'VE ALREADY TAKEN HER FIRST GIFT, I SEE. IT'S SURELY YOU.
WHAT'RE YOU BABBLIN' ABOUT, YOU CRAZY OL' SQUAW?
JEB! THIS POOR WOMAN IS BLEEDING. SHOULDN'T WE—
NO... I MEAN, YEAH... YEAH. SORRY.
LET ME SEE IF I CAN FIND SOME RAGS, OR SOMETHIN'.
IT'LL BE OKAY, MA'AM. MY HUSBAND'S GONE TO GET YOU WRAPS FOR YOUR CUTS.
OH, I SUPPOSE MY CUTS WILL BE JUST FINE. THEY ALWAYS ARE.
SO, TELL ME, DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE YOU CAN CHANGE HIM? TAME HIM?
YOU... OR THAT BABY YOU'RE CARRYIN' IN YOUR BELLY?
I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.
YOU TOOK HIM AS HUSBAND, DESPITE WHAT HE WAS. YOU MUST HAVE KNOWN...

...YOU MUST KNOW.
THERE IS A SAYIN'—"NOT EVERY SWEET ROOT GIVES BIRTH TO SWEET GRASS."
YOUR SWEETNESS WON'T BE ENOUGH, CHILD. HIS ROOTS RUN DARK AND DEEP, AND ONLY CHARRED GRASS GROWS FROM THEM. YOU CAN'T CHANGE HIM...
...BUT HE CAN CHANGE YOU.
I FOUND SOME RAGS. LET'S GET HER WRAPPED UP AND THEN WE'LL TAKE HER TO TOW—
DON'T TROUBLE YOURSELF. I'M FINE.
TIME FOR ME TO GO.
WAIT JUST A MINUTE! IF YOU AIN'T STILL HURT, THEN MAYBE WE NEED TO GET YOU TO THE SHERIFF. YOU DON'T JUST COME INTO PEOPLE'S HOUSES, SCARIN' UP PREGNANT WOMEN AND—
JEB!
JUST... JUST LET HER GO. PLEASE.
FINE. GET OUTTA HERE, THEN. AND TAKE YOUR DAMN KNIFE.
OH, THAT? THAT AIN'T MINE.
I WAS JUST RETURNIN' IT...

...HELLRIDER.
TO BE CONTINUED.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#2
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